

FIVE
Songs,

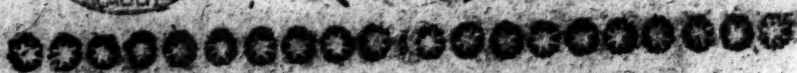
The Girl I left behind me,
TULLOCHGORUM,
The Flowers of Edinburgh,
THE PLOUGHMAN LAD,
A Hunting Song.



Printed by G. Miller, High-Street, Dunbar.



(2)



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

THE twenty-second of July,
It is from sweet Bur we parted,
My pretty Girl I left behind,
She was quite broken hearted,

I am lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
And o'er the Muirs that are heggry;
With heavy thoughts my mind are fill'd,
Since I have parted with Peggy.

When I look back to view the place,
The tears do fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming fair,
The Girl I left behind me.

The times that I do remember well,
When first to see her she did move me,
The burning flames my heart does feel,
Since first she ow'd the lov'd me.

Each made a promise still to keep up,
To her whom tears do blind me,
And I will bless the hours I pass away,
With the Girl I left behind me.

And if ever I chance to go that road,
And she has not resign'd me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay,
With the Girl I left behind me.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, the Lady cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folk to chide,
 For what was done before 'em!
 Let Whig and Torry all agree,
 Whig and Torry, Whig and Torry,
 Let Whig and Torry all agree,
 To drop their whiggismorum;
 Let Whig and Torry all agree,
 To spend this night in mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing along wi' me,
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in one unite;
 And ony somph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To make a cheastie quorum.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be so great a phrase,
 We're drinking duff I aften lays,

I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'em :
 They're douff and dowie, at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum :
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegories and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want and double cels ;
 And silly fauls themselves distress,
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall wi' sae sour and sulky fit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum ?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit ?
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend,
 Each honest hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him !
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty :
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'em !

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May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the disconted fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance,
The reel of Tullochgorum.



THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
He was the flower of all his kin;
The absence of his bonny face,
Has rent my tender heart in twain:
I Day nor night find no delight,
In silent tears I still complain;
And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
Who ha'e ta'en me from my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose;

I sigh and moan while others rest,
his absence yields me no repose.

To seek my love I'll range and rove,
thro' every grove and distant plain :

Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
to hear things from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in nature's change,
since parents shew such cruelty ;

They caus'd my love from me to range,
and knows not to what destiny.

The pretty kids, and tender lambs,
may cease to sport upon the plain ;

But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent,
for the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
to send a fair and pleasant gale :

Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
and convey me upon your tail :

Heavens bless my voyage with success,
while crossing of the raging main,

And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
to meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return,

shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;
The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
to grace and crown our nuptial day.

Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,
my heart once more I will regain :

Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
but in love will enjoy my darling swain.



THE PLOUGHMAN LAD.

THE Ploughman he's a bonny lad,
and a' his wark's at leasure;
And ay when he comes hame at e'en,
he kisses me with pleasure.

O the bonny Ploughman Lad,
O the bonny Ploughman!
Of a' the lads that I do see,
Commend me to the Ploughman,

Now the blooming spring's come on,
he takes his yoking early;
And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
he goes to fallow cheerly.—O my, &c.

When my Ploughman comes hame at e'en,
he's aften wet and weary;
Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
and gae to bed my deary.—O my &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,
and I will wash his o'erlay;
And I will make the Ploughman's bed,
and cheer him late and early.—O my, &c.

Plough you hill, and plough you dale;
plough you rough or fallow;
Wha winna drink the Ploughman's health,
is but a dour fellow.



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Merry butt and merry bea,
Merry is my Ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the Ploughman.



A HUNTING SONG.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
and others in the morn;
The honnds all join in jovial cry,
the Huntsmen winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
her arms, to make him stay;
My dear it rains, it hails, it snows,
you cannot hunt to day.
Yet a-hunting, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
their feeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
and some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then, weary, homeward we return,
and drink away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

F I N I S.

Printed by GEORGE MILLER, High-Street, DUNDEE.